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DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #1

The blood of over 100,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? You're soaking in it!

Inside This Issue:

The PWA Primer

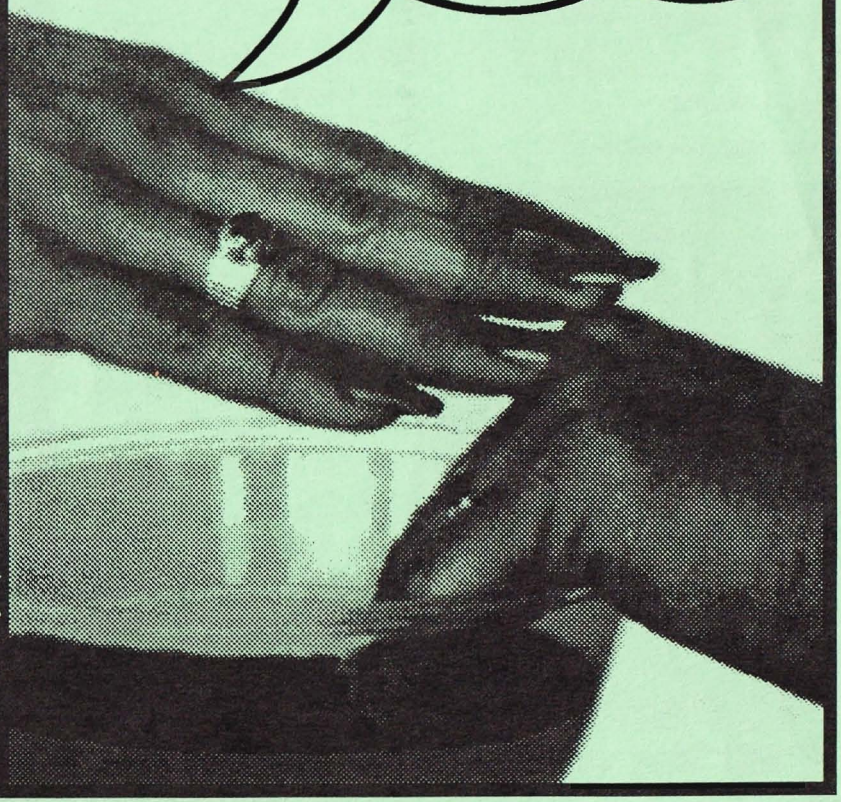
A Short History of Sex

AIDS Testing in Prisons

Captain Condom

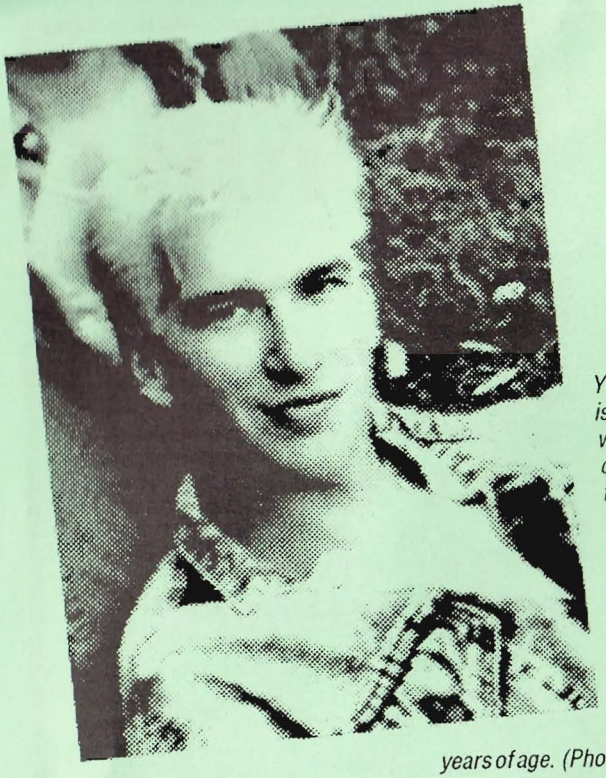
and Other Great Things!





DPN

NUMBER ONE



Your Cranky Editor isn't the only one who can be the DPN coverboy or centerfold. You can be, too! Send us a picture, at least 3.5" by 5", matte finish, clothing optional, and we'll make you a star! Please include a signed note saying that you're at least 18 years of age. (Photo by Max Marshall)

YOUR CRANKY EDITOR & IRRESTIBLE FORCE
Beowulf Thorne

YOUR SERENE EDITOR & VOICE OF REASON
Tom Shearer

ART DIRECTION & LAYOUT
Beowulf Thorne Graphics

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The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We provide a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seronegative guilt. We heartily encourage submissions of art and writing by infected people. Please include a SASE if you would like your submission returned. Payment is the satisfaction of being (in)famous. Contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

DPN subscriptions are available for $7.00 for one year (4 issues) or $2.00 for a sample issue. Please mail cash, stamps, or checks/money orders made out to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131. Prices subject to change without notice.

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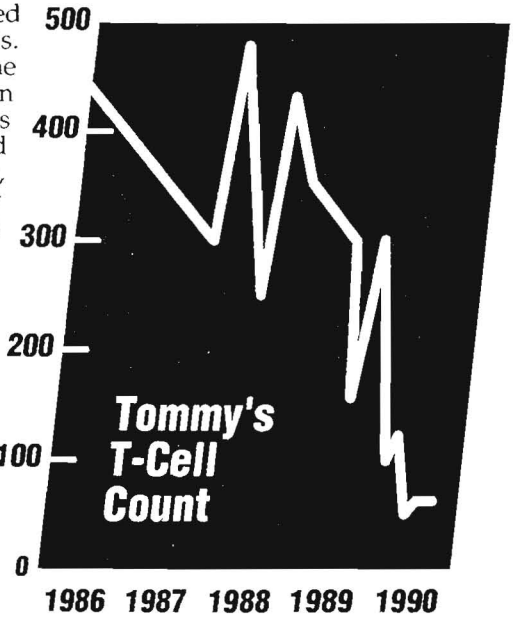
Welcome to Our Brave New World!

And now for Something Different. Not something completely different, 'cos many publications address the HIV epidemic, and not all of them are sanctimonious teddybear droolbuckets, but we are certainly breaking new ground approaching the plague of the century from the angle of *humor*. So what is this? A bunch of AIDS jokes? What's so damn funny about a pandemic devastating the world? Well, *we* have it and sometimes we find it amusing. After all, life itself kills *everybody*, and there's much about life that is purty darn funny, if you like humor. Besides, who wants to be serious all the time, even about fatal illness? So what we're hoping to do here is bring some much-needed levity to the experience of HIV infection. We should warn you that our editorial policy does not include the concept that AIDS is a Wonderful Learning Opportunity and Spritual Gift From Above. Or a punishment for our Previous Badness. Nor are we much interested in being icons of noble tragedy, brave and true, stiff upper lips gleaming under our oxygen hoses... We are not saints nor devils, just a couple-o-guys who ran into a Danger Penis and caught something we don't like very much. And we HATE teddy bears.

Part Two: the dreadful but true story of the origins of DPN. Once upon a time, there was a snivelling young (moderately young) homo poet (me) who was looking over his recent acts of pewtry, wondering why the world was not beating down his door to publish his work. Hmm, he said, perhaps I could self-publish them, but what will I call it, *Tom's Poetry Magazine? Mrs. Shearer's Favorite Son?* Glancing over the more recent poems, I noticed an awful lot of HIV-related stuff. (Important aside: A few years before I had seen a bitter little cartoon. An airline had refused passage to a person with AIDS, and there was a big stink about it. The cartoon showed a man at an airline counter, and the clerk was saying "And would you like the smoking, non-smoking, or diseased pariah section?" Mr. Tom was much impressed by this terminology and began to refer to himself as a diseased pariah, to much dismayed fluttering from his friends. At this time, remember, the only acceptable role for an infected person was Languishing Saint and Hug Object...) Anyway, back to that poetry newsletter. The Diseased Pariah News! What a concept! Issue One: Self-Pity. Issue Two: Self-Pity. And so it goes. Lucky for the world, I never made that poetry Thang, but I did eventually start *GAWK, a Fagazine of the Yarts*. When Visual Genius Beowulf joined the GAWK staff, or maybe when he told me he was positive, I told him about the Name Without a Publication. He was most delighted, and extremely enthusiastic about using the skills we were honing in GAWK to make a DPN. And so it was born. And now you may participate in its growth. Send us money. Do you have any idea how much it costs to send a magazine to medical school these days?

– T.S.

Hey kids! want to win fabulous prizes? Just guess Tommy's December T-cell count. The lucky guesser who comes the closest to the actual number, while not going over, will win a slinky, some nonoxynol-9 lubricant, or a genuine DPN make-your-own-Porn Potato kit.

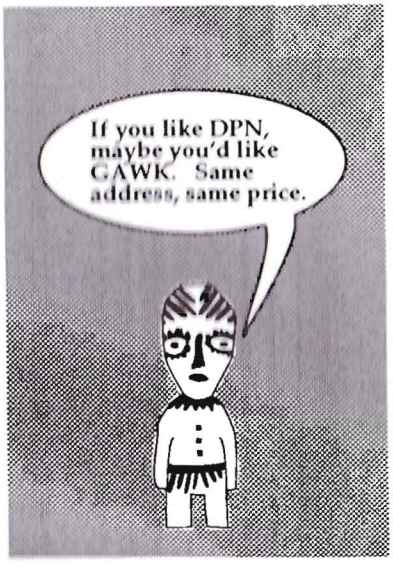


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Who is That Little Mousie on the Cover?

Just in case you were wondering, the little creature in the logo on our cover is no less than the world famous Oncomouse. Oncomice are natural pariahs, being a strain laboratory rat guaranteed to spontaneously develop cancer in less than two years. Although oncomice are the perfect pet for people who like to feel sorry for something, they're not generally available to the public.



The PWA Primer

Here are some of the things the world is willing to give you, just because you have an AIDS diagnosis. They will give you some of these things if you only have an ARC diagnosis, especially if you wrestle with them a bit. Phone numbers are area code 415.

Most of these suggestions are specific to San Francisco, but you probably have a local equivalent. You might have to search a little.

1. Register with the AIDS Foundation. Go to their benefits meeting or just call them (864-5855) for their benefits booklet. Get a food bank card. Get a discount card for health food stores.

2. Call BALIFF (Bay Area Lawyers), and make a will and fill out the Durable Power of Attorney forms. 864-8186.

3. Get a disabled card from MUNI (public transport). 923-6070.

4. Call PG&E for low income utility rates. 972-1049.

5. Call Pac Bell for low income phone rates. 811-6222.

6. Call DMV for the forms to get a disabled parking placard for the car. Get one whether you have a car or not. You can use it in any car.

7. Subscribe to all the HIV newsletters we list in the Resources section.

8. Get a support network. Buy some supportive friends or join a group

9. Find a masseur/se who gives PWA discounts. Almost as good as sex. Don't give up sex, though.

10. Go to Project Inform , or any local HIV awareness program. 558-9051.

11. Discover the library at Healing Alternatives Foundation. 626-2316.

12. Apply for Social Security benefits as soon as you can stand to. It takes forever.

Some handy HIV hints:

1. When in doubt whether to take a tranquilizer, take one.

2. When in doubt whether to eat or not, eat. Eat some more. Mmm! Isn't that delicious?

3. Never make a doctor's appointment before 10:30 am. Getting up early is barbaric.

4. Always take a written list of your problems and concerns with you to the doctor. Otherwise, you WILL forget something important. Don't accept unsatisfyingly brief or obscure answers to your questions, either.

5. Got a bony butt? Embarrassed to carry a pillow with you? Don't want to wear one of those drag fanny things? Put your pillow in a daypack, and then sit on that. Everyone will think you're one of those silly queens who carries all his cosmetics with him everywhere and they won't even notice your dwindling heinie.

PWA Primer submitted by Jeffrey Dames, modified slightly by TS.

UCSF Coping Project

The UCSF Coping project is a study of fellers who are the partner of other fellers who have an AIDS diagnosis. The point of the study, aside from "get lots of grant money so we can pay our rent," is to follow said fellers for two years and see what sort of effect being in this enviable situation has on their lives, with an accent on how well, not how poorly, they handle things. I could tell them all they need to know: "It's going to be a source of major stress in their life, especially if their Other Fella croaks, which some of them will handle admirably, and some of them are going to seroconvert." End of study. Fifty thousand dollars, please.

Unfortunately, nobody ever listens to me, or asks my opinion on these great issues, so instead they are going to interview the studly, er, study participants every two months for two years, give them a nice cup of tea, ask them how they feel, what is working well in their approach to life & PWA partnering, and that sort of stuff, check their T-cells every six months, and give them $20 a visit for mad money. Golly. I'd sure like to have somebody pay me to talk to them, but the only time anybody ever offered me money, it wasn't to talk, and they don't even do that anymore. Darn.

Now you might ask, as did I, "What if both my pookie-snoogums and myself are diseased?" The envelope, please! The answer is: Nooooo problem. I think you can even enroll in the study as each other's partner, which seems a little silly, but hey, we like silly things here at DPN.

Another nice thing about this project (besides the $20) is that the perpetrators seem to view partners of PWAs as some kind of hero, and let me tell you, m'dear, that your little ego will love it. It's great to feel noble once in a while, yes it is. And they even come to your house to do some of the interviews. If you live in SF.

I'd sign up in a minute if I wasn't so single. Which is probably why I'm the Serene Editor. Just the same, any nice thirtyish gentlemen who look about 14 should call me right up. Still have that wash-n-wear wedding gown...

No I don't. I'm lying. That's just ridiculous. I think that mean virus has invaded my sense of humor, that's what I think.

Back to reality: Call or write UCSF Coping Project, Box 0886, SF CA 94143-0886, (415) 497-9177. Tell them you read about it here.

– T.S.

pariah (puh-RYE-uh; also PEAR-ee-uh) n. [Tamil *paraiyan*, drummer < *parai*, a drum: the pariah was a hereditary drumbeater] **1.** A member of one of the lowest social classes of India. **2.** Any person despised and rejected by others.

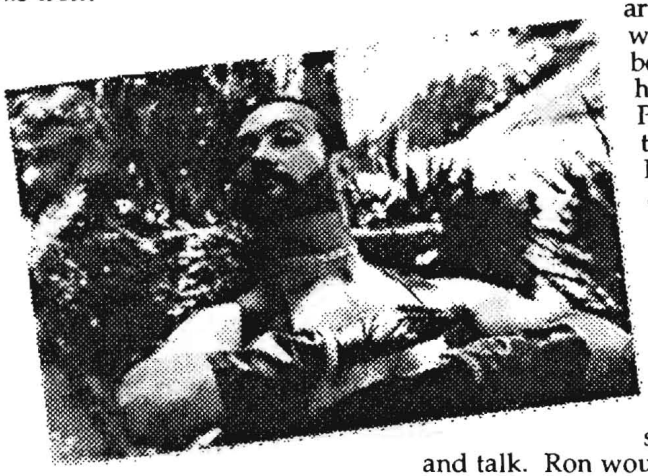


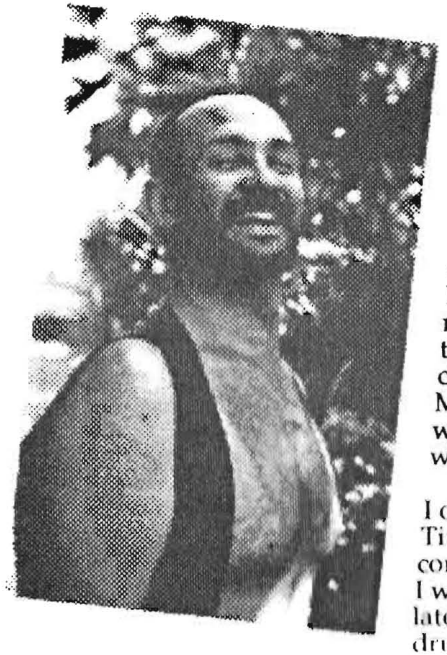
That's right, Judy, your life would have been a whole lot easier with a DPN subscription. Don't make Judy's mistake, lurking around tawdry places like bookstores, foraging through piles of inferior publications only to discover that the last copy of DPN was sold hours ago! Subscribe, and have DPN delivered xerox-fresh to your doorstep, free of wrinkles and other curious things that book-store browsers leave behind. A one year subscription (4 issues) costs only $7.00 ($10 Canada, $18 International). Try a sample issue for $2.00 ($3 Canada, $5 International). Send your tender little greenbacks, stamps, or checks/money orders made out to Tom Shearer to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

Not only has Rondo received too many literature awards to mention, but he's the quasi-official GAWK/DPN Southland representative and our personal hero as well.

Dear Robert,

I went to a reading the other day to hear Mr. East Coast Writer. I talked to him afterward because I know him through my artist friend Ron who used to do book covers for his East Coast Press. I used to go over to Ron's house and look at his paintings and drawings and he would read my poetry. We'd sit for hours and drink lots of strong coffee and talk. Ron would talk about his latest boyfriend. I would talk about the joys of celibacy. Ron always talked longer than I did.





So Ron threw a party and that's when I met Mr. East Coast Writer. I sent him some of my poems later to see if he was interested in publishing them but he wasn't. I guess maybe I should have fucked him at the party. But I was in my celibate phase then although I did think about it because he was kind of cute in a Manhattan topsider-ish kind of way and you know how a man with a book turns me on.

I once fooled around with a Big Time Writer during a boring conference at a Holiday Inn when I was still in college. It was very late at night and everybody was drunk. Mr. Big Time Writer asked me if I would like a "nightcap" in his room. As we were having sex, I realized that I hadn't had my session with him yet, the one where he critiques my writing. I said, "I hope this won't affect your opinion of my poetry." As he came up for air he said, "Oh no...I'm a professional."

Anyway, I went up to Mr. East Coast Writer after his reading to say hi and see if he had heard from my friend Ron lately because I hadn't. He hadn't either but remembered me and complimented me on my poem which was just published in that new gay literary rag, *Thrust Puppets*, which was very sweet of him, although the poem was kind of raunchy and bitchy. Now I felt obligated to compliment him on the story that he had just read. It was well written but one of those generic Manhattan-queen-looks-for-the-memory-of-true-love-on-Fire-Island stories. Talk drifted, however talk does that, to new writers and I told him about you, that you would be in the new *Men Do Men Again* anthology when a guy standing next to me who had one blue eye and one green eye – it was very disconcerting, he kept staring at me during the reading every time I sneezed and I was sneezing a lot because the privet hedges were blooming. It reminded me of how in Provincetown Danny trimmed the privet hedge in front of our rented 200 year old broken down cottage into a five foot tall cock and balls that was most effective when it was slightly dusted with snow or blooming with white blossoms.

So when I said your name, the green-eyed, blue-eyed man interrupted and said, "Robert? Robert from Detroit?" and I said yes,

A Short History of

SEX, DEATH AND LITERATURE

– for Robert in San Francisco

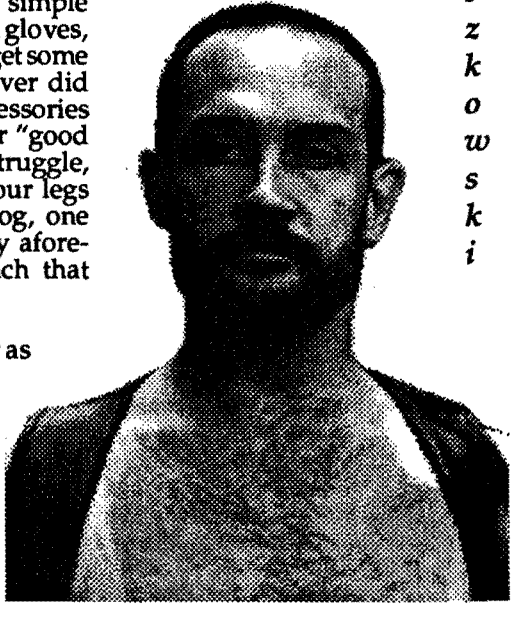
by Rondo Mieczkowski

because that is where you're from. He remembered you from the late 70s when he met you at a party.

I'm trying to remember – that must have been before I lived with you in San Francisco in 1978 with all those other people, because you never went to Detroit for a visit except for your father's funeral. Our Mission District flat was filled with all sorts of drag paraphernalia, dildos and whips on the walls, hats and cheap Woolworth's jewelry and four stuffed animal heads (three goats, one deer) which would seem to glow in the morning light. Someone said we should videotape the house and document it because it was a sort of shrine to something but nobody could say quite what.

I distinctly remember the phone call about your father's death. It was dawn and whenever a call comes that early in the morning I always expect death. I thought one of my parents had finally died but no and ten years later they are still alive although most of my friends aren't. The phone rang and you didn't yell for anyone to pick it up so I went back to sleep. I learned later that your father had died and I thought of you on your purple chenille bedspread in your purple wooden bed with the hooks and chains you installed yourself taking a valium that you had saved for this occasion and I felt sorry for you even though your father was no great shakes, I felt sorry that you had to go back to Detroit and endure the agony of relatives' funerals which is different from the agony of the funerals of our friends and if I hear one more queen talking wistfully about someone having a "good death" I'm going to take my fist which I prefer, on occasion, to use for more intimate aspects of making love, and why do they not make black surgical gloves? The medical establishment really is totally inept if you're talking victims let's talk fashion victims because my gloves do not match my boots. I just want a simple pair of black latex surgical gloves, do you know where I can get some please let me know I never did know how to shop for accessories and I was saying if I hear "good death" meaning don't struggle, don't fight, just throw your legs in the air like a dead dog, one more time I will take my aforementioned fist and punch that queen right in the nose.

See Robert I am no longer as preternaturally calm as you used to say and I used to be. The last time I was up in San Francisco we decided that whenour obituaries appear in the local gay rag we will use a photo of us giving the



Photos by Danny Barillaro, a native Los Angeles photographer/pig.

Tommy Hits The Big Time

Well, y'see, it was like this. Mr. Reasonable Editor (that's me) had been feeling kind of inadequate for several weeks. Occasionally feeling inadequate is nothing new, except the several weeks part, and I figured that it was just another delightful wrinkle in my already-splendid HIV adventure. However, I kept getting worse and finally had a friend trot me in to see the physicians. I was by this time not really in condition to do my own trotting... Anyway, they looked at me for a long time and said, "Well, you have pneumonia, but it's not pneumocystis, so eat these big erythromycin pills and go home." And I soon became miraculously better. For about two days. Sick again, back at the doc's, who scratched his head, said, "Well, there's a million reasons why you might be feeling this way. Give us your blood and go home. The next morning, they called me. "We think you should come right over here so we can treat your cryptococcal meningitis."

Pausing only to look that up and see that it is one of the AIDS-defining OIs, I took myself over there. They put me on a gurney and abandoned me for several million years, listening to my neighbor Mr. Gonzales' Bad Day. Mr. Gonzales did not speak much English, and was apparently having a little trouble getting his needs met. When I first arrived, Mr. Gonzales was making a tiny little whimpering sound, and then began to say, in an piping, cartoon-like voice, "Ai!" (Ow! in Spanish) "Aiyiyiyi."

I wanted to go advise him that he should cry out in a deeper, more authoritative voice if he wanted the respect of his medical care providers, but the light was hurting my eyes so much that I was unable to come out from under the blanket. Besides, I don't speak Spanish. My other neighbor, Mr. Prunegobbler, was having a better day than either Mr. G or me. Mr. P was telling the hordes of doctors who kept coming to ask him what his problem was, "I'm 70 years old, y'see, and I don't much expect I should feel up to 100%, but I just don't think I'm feelin' quite up to where I ought to." I heard Mr. Prune's story quite a few times, since none of the inquisitors seemed to be writing it down or talking to each other. Mr. P, however, was a very patient man, and he continued to repeat his story for each new visitor. Meanwhile, Mr. Gonzales' day continued to deteriorate. He was by this time shouting

A Brief History of... Cont'd

finger to the whole goddamned world. We're going to go out like a couple of big hairy drag queens. I am trying to walk the line between rage and acceptance and right now the rage is winning.

Now the latest thing down here is naming your T-cells. What comes after Larry, Moe and Curly? Huey, Dewey and Louie? Manny, Moe and Jack? That's two Moes so far. It was getting confusing so I thought I'd name all my T-cells Helen. As in Helen de Troy. Helen 1, Helen 2, Helen 56, helen 329...

Helen lived in Troy and Troy was across the ocean from Sparta and the Spartans was the name of the team where I went to school at Michigan State. There was a big statue of a nearly nude Spartan and he looked particularly good when it snowed and his abdominals were highlighted. Was it snowing when you went back for your father's funeral in Detroit? Was it snowing when you met this man with the bi-colored eyes?

Was that your leather period or your drag period? Whatever it was you certainly made an impression on him. He went on and on about you and he was very handsome in a high-school-football-lots-of-suds-on-his-hairy-body-in-the-showers kind of way and after I gave him your address and phone number he said when he gets to San Francisco he will definitely look you up. He had a twinkle in his blue eye and a sparkle in his green eye as he said this and Mr. East Coast Writer was talking to someone else probably thinking I'm a rude sonafabitch well fuck him he didn't publish me and I suppose I just proved how rude I really can be.

Well, if this guy does contact you when he comes to San Francisco and you end up getting laid you have me to thank and hopefully send a return favor to someday.

Love,
Rondo

"Aiyiyi!" rather frequently, except when the nurse came by to lecture him for being such a big sissy. They were quite nice to me, though, which normally I would think was because I'm white, but Mr. Prune is black, and they were nice to him too, even though they didn't seem to be listening to a word he said. I think, just between you and me, that Mr. Gonzales was a little intoxicated, which I can tell you from personal experience can turn relatively bearable injuries into real nightmares. You wonder why I don't drink anymore?

So. The Sensitive Doctor, as opposed to the Beeper Doctor and the Brusque German Doctor, came by to explain to me that the cryptococcus changed my diagnosis to AIDS, which I already knew. "Great!" said I, "This makes things lots easier for me at the Social Security office." The Sensitive Doctor blanched. Most doctors are not prepared for my style, but she recovered quickly though, and plunged a needle into my spine. Or so she said, but you coulda fooled me, cause they gave me some kind of happy drug and I don't seem to recall the next few minutes. Made my eyes stop hurting, too.

Mr. Gonzales was apparently not getting any happy drug. "AIYIYIYI!" he screamed, a whole lot of times. Luckily, my happy drug wore off and they rolled me out into another area with really bright lights and gave me my jacket to hide under. I could just barely hear Mr. Gonzales, and I did peek out and see Mr. Prune leaving. He looks *damn* good for seventy, let me tell you.

So anyway, they gave me fluconazole and codeine and sent me home, and now that I have AIDS I feel better than I've felt in at least a year. What a goofy world.

I FISTED JESSE HELMS

A True Story **by I. M. Lying**

As most of my friends know, I am a former prostitute. The most lucrative part of my career I spent in Washington, D.C., serving the needs of the powerful & closeted. One trick in particular may be of interest to DPN readers. I was, as usual, picked up in a government limo and driven to an obscure address. Confirming everybody's suspicions, my date was none other than "rabidly homophobic" Jesse Helms. The Senator looked quite fetching, if a bit cliche, in his black garters, sequined stockings, and lace teddy. Jesse was no mood for chit-chat. "Son," he said, wet lips trembling, jowls all a-quiver, "Ah want you to shove both your hands up mah senatorial butthole, raht to the elbow, and leave 'em there till ah come, no matter what!" Well, the customer is always right, and soap and water and lots of cologne will work wonders, so in I plunged. Jesse began to twang the ol' wire, and I do mean wire, and sing "Rock of Ages" in a loud, rather tuneful falsetto. Suddenly he let out a little shriek, ejaculated, and laid an enormous fart, simultaneously ejecting my hands and spraying me with at least a gallon of watery shit. Jesse hopped up, ran from the room, and a Secret Service man directed me to the shower. They gave me a nice jumpsuit to wear home, and a lot of money, and later I found out through the rent boy grapevine that he has a virtually identical scene every week. The escorts refer to him as "Messy Jesse" and now you can, too.



CONTRIBUTE!

DPN does not exist in a vacuum, you know. To be more than the Biff and Tommy Fan Club we need your ideas, stories, essays, research articles, cartoons, artwork, advertisements, personals, and recipes. The editorial guidelines are pretty broad: whatever you as a Diseased Pariah would like to share with other afflicted creatures. We can't pay for entries, but you'll get some DPN postcards and the satisfaction of seeing your work in print. Anonymous works and pen names are fine, include a brief bio about yourself if you wish. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you would like your work returned. Mail your submission to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

AIDS Testing Problems in Federal Prisons

by Adam Starchild

I first became concerned with the constitutional issues involved in mandatory HIV testing in the Summer of 1987, when President Reagan issued an executive order requiring testing of all federal prisoners. At the time it was purely an academic and political exercise, as I was concerned with the government's intrusion on civil liberties.

My suspicions about the program turned out to be well founded, because a few months later the Federal Bureau of Prisons (BOP) issued its own regulations to implement the presidential, and the HIV test became a condition of release. This made the federal prison system unique, as I believe all other prison systems require testing on arrival rather than departure.

Even emergency furloughs for death or serious illness were included in this policy – if an inmate needed an emergency furlough, and had not taken the test, he would be required to be escorted in handcuffs, and would have to pay for the escort himself.

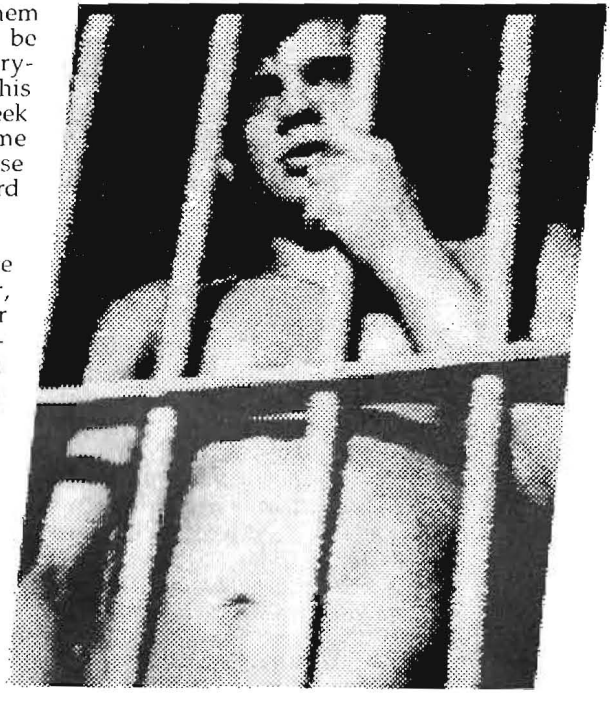
The next escalation in the war came in January, 1988, when several inmates I knew at Danbury federal prison were delayed in release to halfway houses because their HIV tests were not on file. In one case, an older man from Puerto Rico, nobody had told him that he had to take the test and then wait for the results. He was going to a crowded halfway house in Puerto Rico, and by the time the test results came back the halfway house had used the bed and he had to wait still longer for an opening.

About one week after that incident, a very close friend, Leo, had a problem with his release to a halfway house. Leo had been a frequent and vocal critic of nonsensical prison policies. Since Leo wisely didn't trust the prison authorities, and had seen others delayed in release because of the HIV testing program, he made a point of going to the hospital to have them check his file and be sure he had everything needed for his release. But a week later – when it came time for Leo's release – there was no record of his HIV test.

I helped Leo write to his U.S. Senator, and to the director of BOP. Meanwhile, the prison hospital was scheduling Leo for a new HIV test. It took several days to set up an appointment for a lab technician. The letter to the BOP director had some effect, as the prison received a call authorizing yet another test for Leo with the results to be checked immediately at the local hospital instead of waiting for the lab in California to report on the first sample.

This let Leo be released quickly enough that he lost only ten days, but still ten days that he should not have spent in prison.

Next was Luis. Luis had been one of my students when I was an inmate instructor in the high school class at Danbury prison, and Luis and I had eventually been moved to the unfenced camp outside the



Adam Starchild is currently incarcerated for tax fraud. Oops.

prison. Luis had tested positive in December, but was still allowed a short furlough at Christmas. In late January he was told that he could not be released to a halfway house because of the positive HIV test result.

Protest letters went out to congressmen, legal aid groups, and every source of help that we could think of, and a letter was published in one newspaper. This activity proved very beneficial. The BOP usually tries to intimidate prisoners who have tested positive, saying "You don't want to fight this and have your name all over the newspapers as having AIDS, do you?" This usually works.

But Luis had called their bluff by having his letter published even before they could try this threat, and his halfway house application has finally processed and he was scheduled for release on April 25th.

On April 22nd, when he took his routine papers around to be signed by all prison departments, the doctor refused to sign because of the positive test result. Since that result had been discussed with the parole officer and the halfway house as part of the application procedure, this last minute cancellation was especially cruel.

Nothing in Luis' situation had changed – he had never been sick and it was only a positive test, not an active case. The doctor had tried to shore up his position by claiming that Luis had swollen lymph nodes, difficult to diagnose without any examination, and this supposedly made Luis a Group III case. The statement was medically untrue, but terrified Luis. The doctor strengthened it by saying, "I don't sign release papers for terminal cases."

A week later Luis was moved from the camp to the main prison, and a week after that to a higher level prison, all on the ground that he might escape. If that were true, one would think they would have made the move at the same time they cancelled the release, not after leaving him in an unfenced camp for a week. More likely, they wanted to cut Luis off from legal help and media attention.

Although Luis was no longer around, I continued to fight, and the New York Times published my guest editorial on the case. A variety of interviews followed, and Luis was eventually sent to a halfway house in late June.

The treatment of prisoners who test positive is a very sensitive political issue, as there is no legal authority for their detention, and there is no right to a hearing. It is also creating a dangerous precedent – if it can be done to ex-prisoners, for that is what they really are, then it can be done to any citizen off the streets.

"One of the things I'm supposed to be doing these days is creative visualization, you know, where you imagine your white corpuscles strapping on their armor to repel invaders....I don't seem to be able to do it. I get as far as imagining my white corpuscles in a cloud of healthiness, like a milkshake in the dark flow of my blood, but if I try to visualize them more concretely, I think of Raquel Welch, in Fantastic Voyage. That's the film where they shrink a submarine full of doctors and inject it into a dying man's bloodstream. He's the president of something. And at one point Raquel Welch gets attacked and almost killed by white corpuscles. They're like strips of plastic – when I think of it, they are strips of plastic – that stick to her wetsuit until she can't breathe. The others have to snap them off when they get her back to the submarine. It's touch and go. So I don't think creative visualization will work for me. It's not a very promising therpeutic, if every time I try to imagine my body's defenses I think of their trying to kill Raquel Welch...."

– Adam Mars-Jones,
from THE DARKER PROOF – Stories from a Crisis,
by Edmund White and Adam Mars-Jones

AD RATES

DPN and its sister publication, GAWK, are eager to print your commercial advertisements.

DPN and GAWK offer the same low, low rates:

Business Card:	*$5*
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Whoops! We lost the picture for this ad. Besides, the event has long since happened.

Mark I. Chester: Diary of a Thought Criminal

San Francisco photographic genius Mark I. Chester presents a show of his recent work, entitled "Diary of a Thought Criminal." The show is a "visual diary" of Chester's response to a world that is moving toward greater democracy and freedom while the U.S. moves toward more fear and more restrictions on freedom of thought and expression.

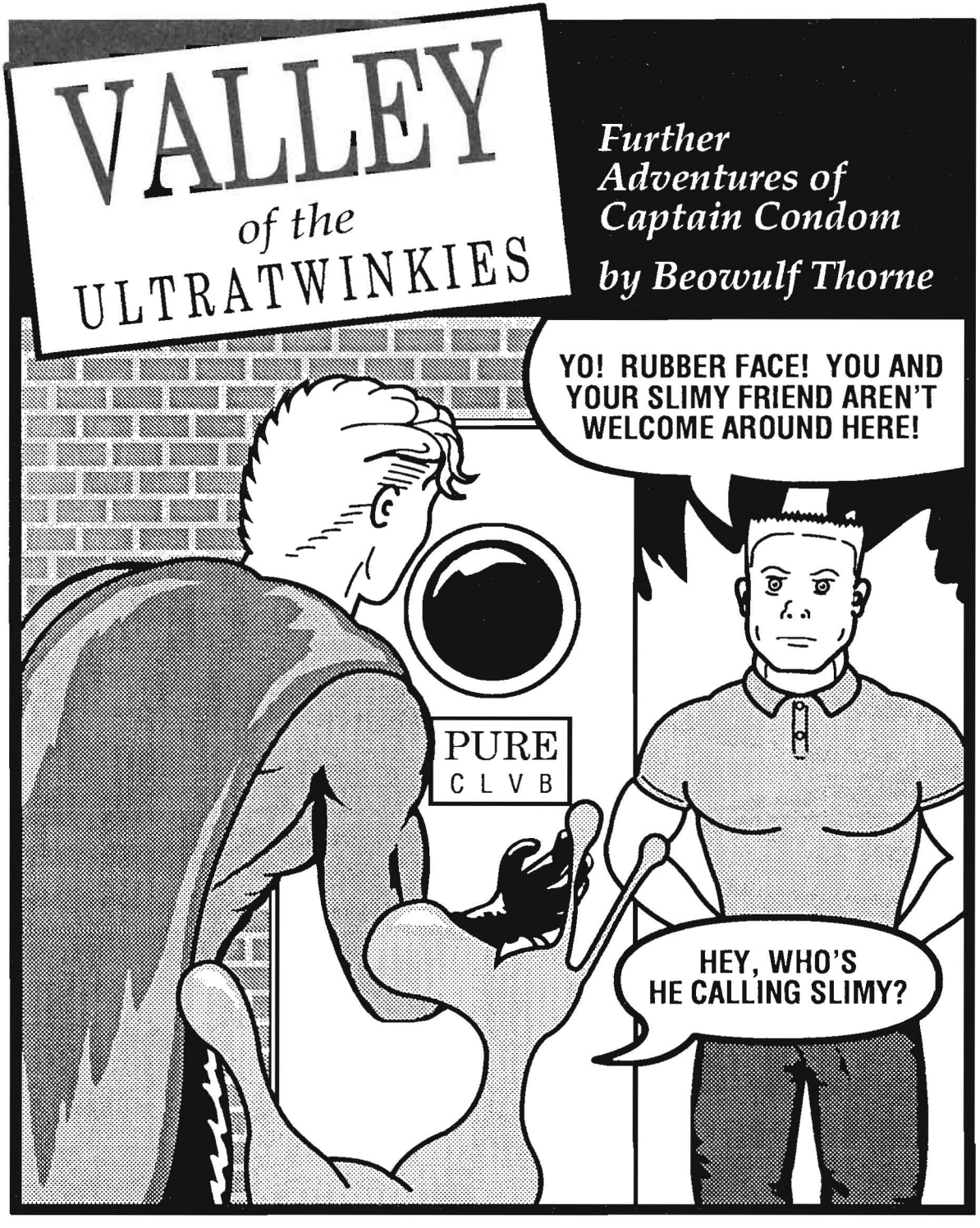
The show's spectrum of images runs from classic nudes to the sort of brain-stimulating sexo-mystico-nightmare-wet dream offerings that make a Chester exhibit such a unique thing. Forget fashion photographers like Mapplethorpe. Go see Chester. The true cutting edge of gay photography. No, he didn't pay me to say that.

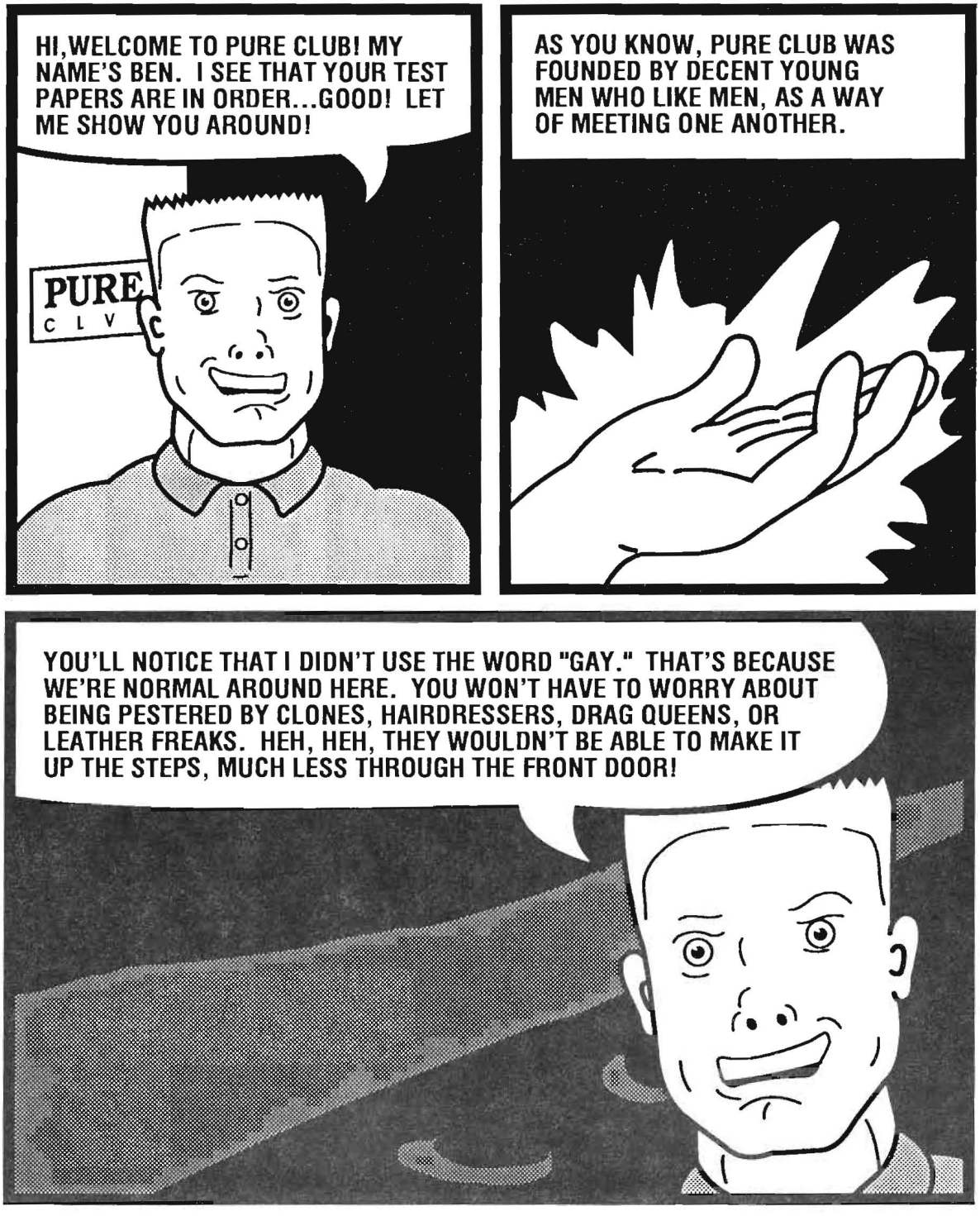
The exhibit is at the Mark I. Chester studios, 1229 Folsom St, SF. Hours are Saturday and Sunday, 1 pm to 6 pm. Show runs from September 14th through October 21. $2 suggested donation, but the impoverished will not be turned away. The show is closed for the Castro Street Fair, Sunday October 7, so that the arteest can cavort in the street with the rest of us homos.

– T. S.

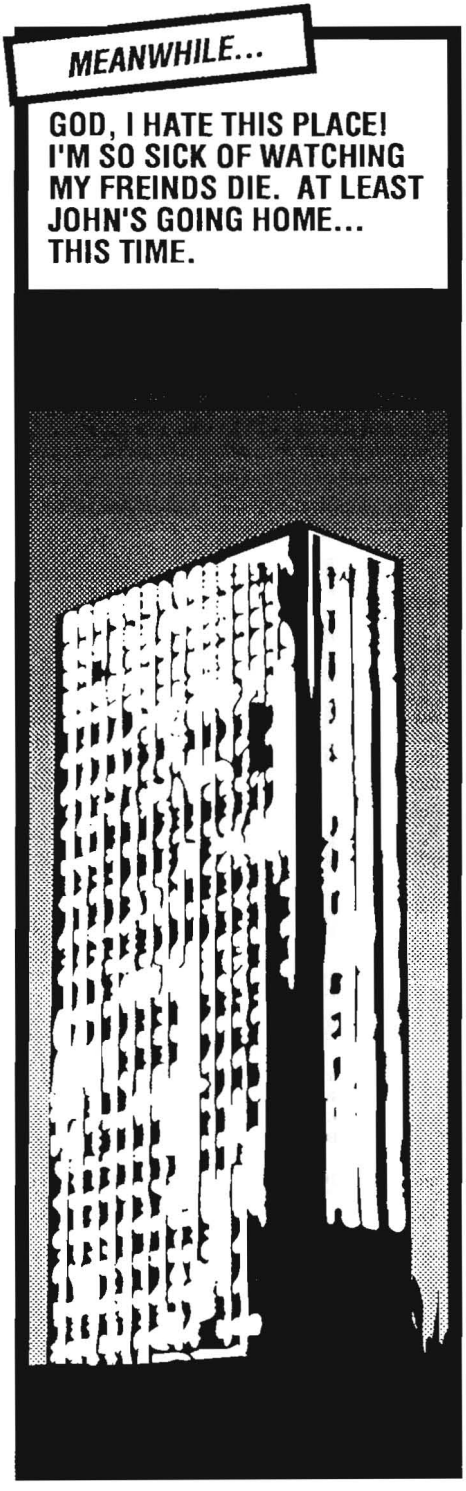
Captain Condom first appeared in 1988 as part of a series of fliers for the Condom Co-Op Project, a student-run safer sex collective at the University of California, Santa Cruz. The Adventures of Captain Condom first appeared in GAWK Magazine #4, and was scheduled to move to DPN permanently. Outcry from the GAWK readership and a massive letter-writing campaign made us realize the error of this decision. The two-page Captain remains with GAWK, while DPN readers will be treated to the huge, throbbing Further Adventures of Captain Condom.

The Condom Co-Op at UCSC would love your support. For more information, write the Condom Co-Op Project, Student Center Box 20, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95064.


VALLEY
of the
ULTRATWINKIES
Further
Adventures of
Captain Condom
by Beowulf Thorne
YO! RUBBER FACE! YOU AND YOUR SLIMY FRIEND AREN'T WELCOME AROUND HERE!
PURE
CLVB
HEY, WHO'S HE CALLING SLIMY?

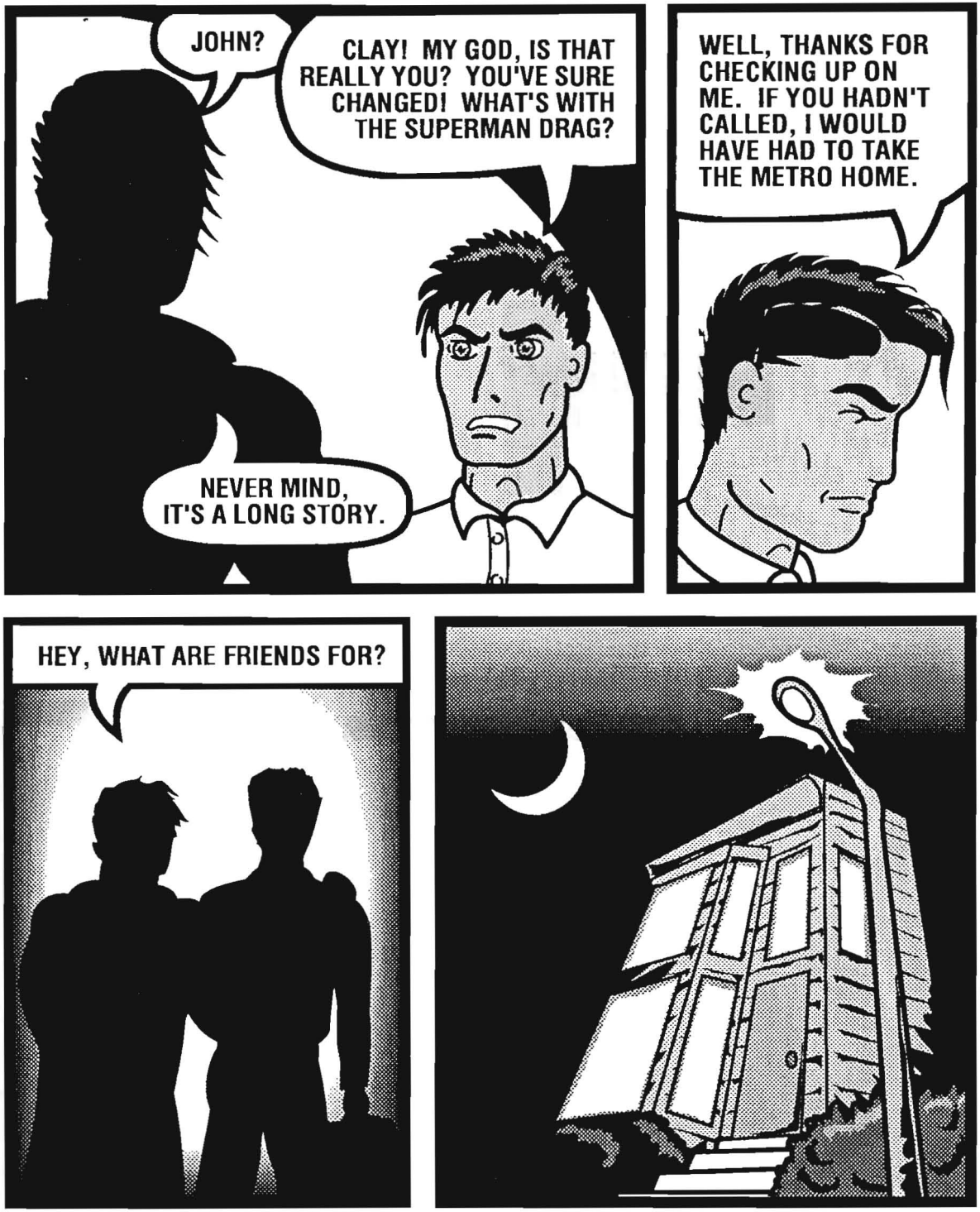

HI, WELCOME TO PURE CLUB! MY NAME'S BEN. I SEE THAT YOUR TEST PAPERS ARE IN ORDER...GOOD! LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND!
PURE
CLV
AS YOU KNOW, PURE CLUB WAS FOUNDED BY DECENT YOUNG MEN WHO LIKE MEN, AS A WAY OF MEETING ONE ANOTHER.
YOU'LL NOTICE THAT I DIDN'T USE THE WORD "GAY." THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE NORMAL AROUND HERE. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING PESTERED BY CLONES, HAIRDRESSERS, DRAG QUEENS, OR LEATHER FREAKS. HEH, HEH, THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT UP THE STEPS, MUCH LESS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR!


SO RELAX, HAVE A MILLER LITE, AND REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE AT PURE CLUB...
SAFE PEOPLE, NOT SAFE SEX!
DAMN! THE LID ON MY AMYL BOTTLE IS STUCK AGAIN!

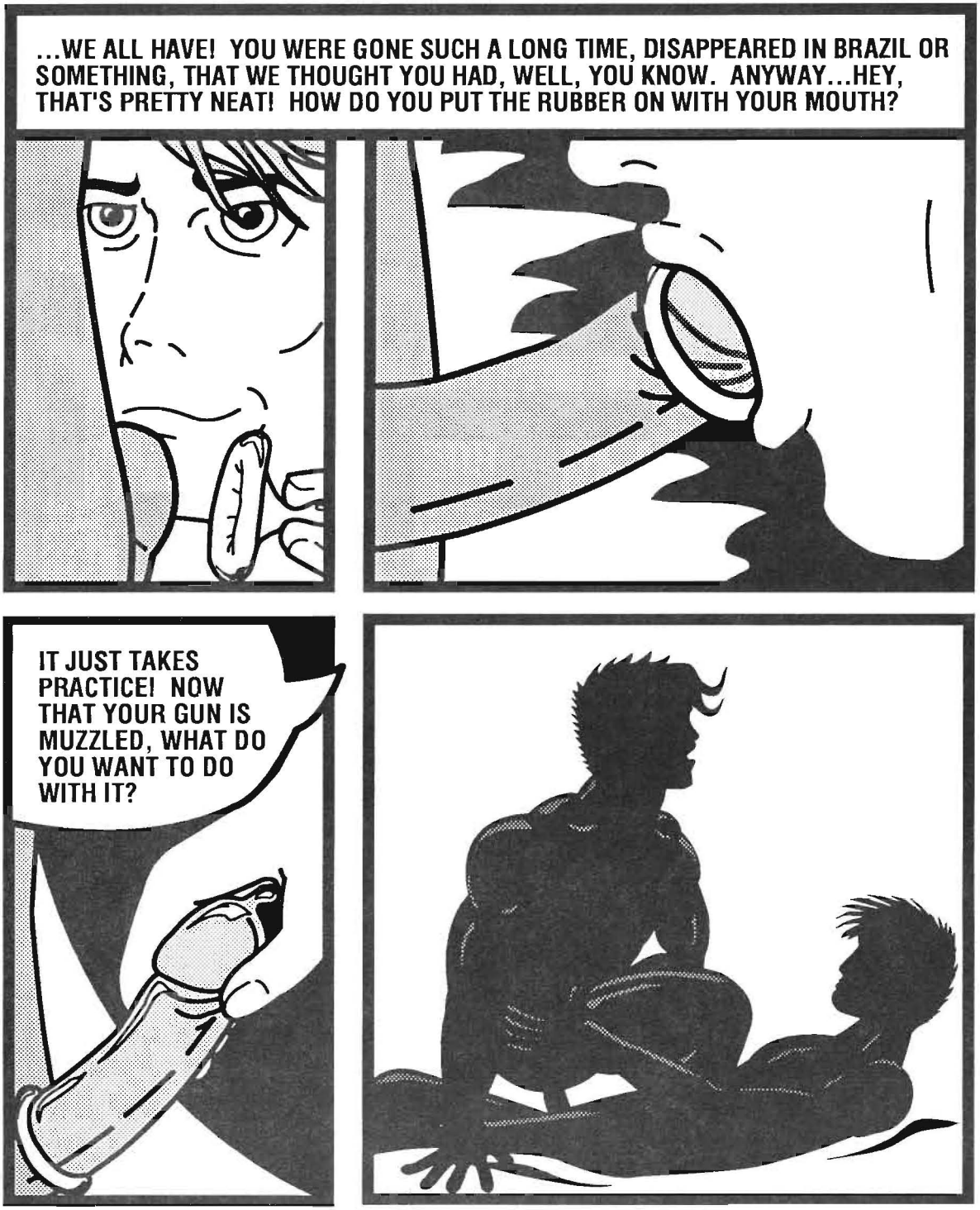

MEANWHILE...
GOD, I HATE THIS PLACE! I'M SO SICK OF WATCHING MY FREINDS DIE. AT LEAST JOHN'S GOING HOME... THIS TIME.


STRANGE, IT SEEMS TO GET A LITTLE LESS GUT-WRENCHING EVERY TIME, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S A GOOD THING OR BAD. AM I LOSING MY HUMANITY AS I LOSE MY FRIENDS?


...OR IS IT JUST THAT I'M SO TIRED?

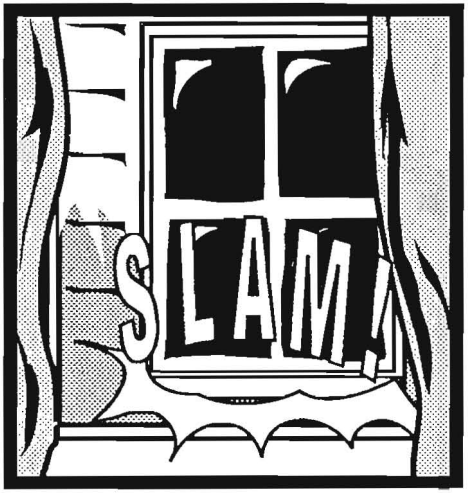

JOHN?
CLAY! MY GOD, IS THAT REALLY YOU? YOU'VE SURE CHANGED! WHAT'S WITH THE SUPERMAN DRAG?
NEVER MIND, IT'S A LONG STORY.
WELL, THANKS FOR CHECKING UP ON ME. IF YOU HADN'T CALLED, I WOULD HAVE HAD TO TAKE THE METRO HOME.
HEY, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?


NOW I FEEL HUMAN AGAIN! THIS MAY SOUND STRANGE, BUT BEING IN THE HOSPITAL HAS LEFT ME HORNY AS HELL. I COULDN'T JERK OFF FOR A WEEK, ALWAYS AFRAID SOME NURSE WOULD CATCH ME!
!
WELL, I TOOK AN OATH TO PROTECT AND SERVICE, ER..SERVE!
HERE, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT PREDICAMENT!
WELL, I SURE WON'T SAY NO! ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU A LOT...


...WE ALL HAVE! YOU WERE GONE SUCH A LONG TIME, DISAPPEARED IN BRAZIL OR SOMETHING, THAT WE THOUGHT YOU HAD, WELL, YOU KNOW. ANYWAY...HEY, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT! HOW DO YOU PUT THE RUBBER ON WITH YOUR MOUTH?
IT JUST TAKES PRACTICE! NOW THAT YOUR GUN IS MUZZLED, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH IT?


NEXT MORNING...
.....
DAMN MEDICATION! DON'T TAKE AND YOU DIE. TAKE IT, AND YOU WISH YOU WERE DEAD.
LETS SEE IF WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY.
AHH, THE TRUSTY BARFATORIUM...
HUUAAHH!
JESUS! THAT'S DISGUSTING!


WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST LEAVE YOU IN THE HOSPITAL TO DIE? IT'S YOUR FUCKING FAULT THAT I HAVE TO MOVE AND JUST LOST MY SECURITY DEPOSIT!


SLAM!

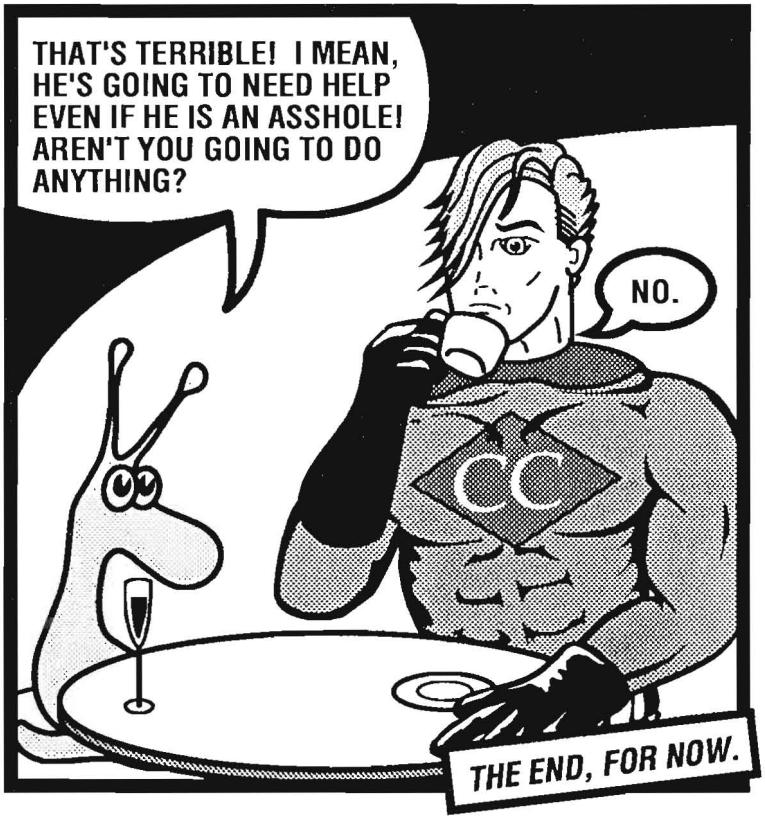

WHO THE HELL WAS THAT?


HE'S ONE OF THOSE CREEPS FROM THE PURE CLUB. I GUESS HE AND HIS FRIENDS COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF LIVING NEXT TO A PWA. THEY'RE SO JUVENILE! HARASSING PHONE CALLS, VANDALIZING MY CAR...I FINALLY HAD TO GET A COURT RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST HIM. THANK GOD THIS IS HIS LAST DAY NEXT DOOR! HE SHOULD MOVE TO FULLERTON AND LIVE WITH OTHER PEOPLE LIKE HIMSELF!


LATER THAT DAY...
AND THEN HE SLAMMED THE WINDOW? BOY, HE'S SURE A REAL CREEP!
CC
NOT TO WORRY, SLIMAC. A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT BEN'S ABOUT TO GET A RUDE SURPRISE...
POSITIVE?
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. SIMON.
BUT HOW?
IN THE USUAL MANNER, I SUPPOSE. WHAT SORT OF PRECAUTIONS DID YOU TAKE?
I WAS VERY PICKY!


I'M SURE YOU WERE, YOU LITTLE SNOT, BUT WHAT SORT OF PRECAUTIONS DID YOU TAKE?
UHHHH...
I SEE... WELL, MR. SIMON, I'M AFRAID THERE IS NOTHING THAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.
BUT WHAT ABOUT COUNSELING? SERVICES? EMOTIONAL SUPPORT?


I'M SORRY, MR. SIMON, THOSE PROGRAMS HAVE ALL BEEN CANCELLED. NEXT ELECTION, DON'T VOTE REPUBLICAN! HAVE A NICE DAY!


THAT'S TERRIBLE! I MEAN, HE'S GOING TO NEED HELP EVEN IF HE IS AN ASSHOLE! AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO ANYTHING?
NO.
CC
THE END, FOR NOW.

GET FAT, *don't die!*

What you will see in this hallowed column probably flies in the face of everything that you have learned about nutrition. While we're not knocking what Mizz Johnson taught you about the four basic food groups, the truth is that classic dietary guidelines often fail to address the specific needs of people living with HIV and AIDS.

Malnutrition and weight loss can be a significant problem for us folks. There's the obvious problem of dropping weight due to some nasty infection, but being too tired to cook or changes in taste perception due to certain medications (including our favorite, AZT) can take their toll as well. Not only does being undernourished reduce your chances of getting lucky at that next orgy, it can make you much more susceptible to illness, and we'll have none of that.

GET FAT, Don't Die! presents strategies for dealing with HIV- and AIDS-related dietary problems. In addition, we'll publish our readers' own taste-tempting high-calorie recipes.

Speaking of Fat...

A high-fat, high-protein diet is recommended for people with AIDS. There are a couple of reasons for this. First of all, when you suddenly drop weight, you tend to lose about 10 to 15 percent of what you originally weighed, regardless of what your original weight was. If you are already underweight, this is even more dangerous, so it's best to be at or a little over what the insurance company's charts say you should weigh. Secondly, a fortified diet will help you recover from a bout of illness. This is especially true if your appetite is weak, and every bit of food you can choke down must work to its full advantage.



Here are some ways that dieticians recommend to boost calories and protein:

High Calorie Cooking with Biffy Mae

- Add lots of butter, margarine, cream cheese, sour cream, cheese, and mayonnaise to your vegetables and starchy foods.
- Use whole milk, cream, half-and-half, or a high calorie non-dairy creamer in cooking and on cereal.
- Add whipped cream or frosting to desserts. Bread and fry fish, meat, and chicken.
- Drizzle liberal amounts of sauce or gravy over your food.
- Use honey on toast and cereal, and in coffee or tea.
- Add dry milk to foods to boost calories and protein.
- Spice up cereals and desserts with raisins, dates, dried fruit, chopped nuts, granola, or brown sugar.

Piggies beware! Although this is your carte blanche to eat heartily, don't snarf those marshmallow pies and Ho-Ho's at the expense of good nutrition. It's also a good idea to check with your physician before making any radical changes to your diet. He or she might have some suggestions for tailoring a diet to your special needs.

And now, mouthwatering recipes from Biffy Mae's Secret Archives. Let me know what you think.

– B. T.

Biffy Mae is currently single.

Biffy Mae's Gingerbread Pudding

4 cups stale gingerbread (recipe follows), cut into 3/4-in. cubes
3 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2-1/2 cups whole milk

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place cubed gingerbread in a deep 2 quart baking pan or soufflé dish. Mix eggs, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Pour over gingerbread in dish. Place dish in a larger baking pan filled with just enough hot water to reach halfway up the sides of the pudding dish. Bake pudding for 30-45 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Serve warm or cold.

Stale Gingerbread

1/3 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 well beaten egg
3/4 cup molasses
2 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons powdered ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon powdered cloves
1 cup regular applesauce

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a 9-in. square pan. Cream shortening with sugar until fluffy. Add egg and molasses and mix well. In separate bowl, sift together flour, salt, baking powder, soda, and spices. Alternately add applesauce and dry ingredients to egg mixture. Beat well. Pour into baking pan and bake for approximately 50 minutes, or until a knife inserted off-center comes out clean. Let sit around for about a week to get nice and dry.

Jeffrey Mae's Thai Chicken Curry

Approx. 2 lbs. boneless chicken
1 tablespoon grated fresh ginger
4-6 scallions, chopped
3 tablespoons peanut oil
1 large ripe mango, peeled, pitted, and chopped
*3-4 squirts fish sauce**
*1 14 oz can coconut milk**
*2 teaspoons (or to taste) red curry paste**
1 10 oz. can baby corn, drained, slit lengthwise*
2 medium zucchini, cut into shoestrings
1 14 oz. can straw mushrooms, drained
Chutney, chopped mint, and shredded coconut as condiments
Cooked rice for four

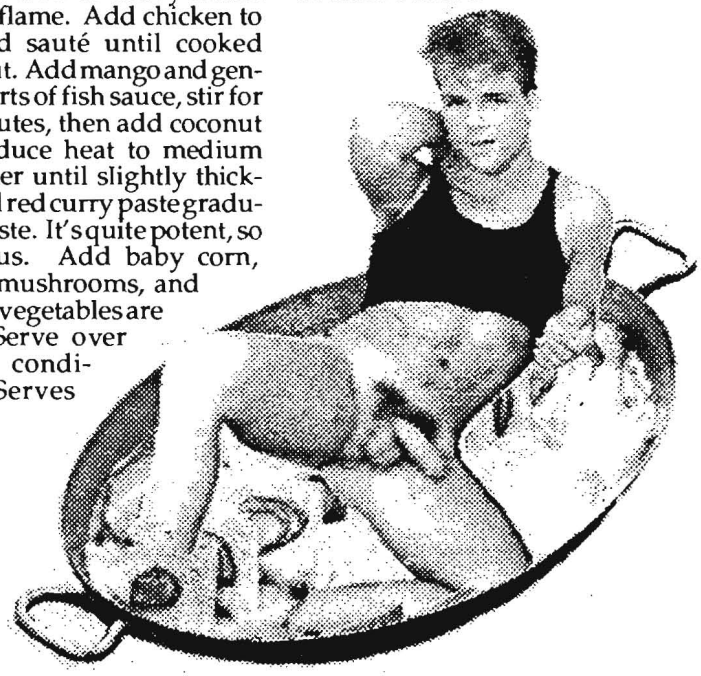
** Can be found at spice stores, Asiani markets, or larger grocery stores.*

Cut chicken into bite-size pieces, toss with ginger and scallion. Heat oil in wok or heavy skillet over high flame. Add chicken to skillet and sauté until cooked throughout. Add mango and generous squirts of fish sauce, stir for a few minutes, then add coconut milk. Reduce heat to medium and simmer until slightly thickened. Add red curry paste gradually and taste. It's quite potent, so be cautious. Add baby corn, zucchini, mushrooms, and cook until vegetables are tender. Serve over rice with condiments. Serves four.

Austin Mae's Vanilla Poached Pears

4 Bosc or firm Comice pears
2-1/2 cups water
3/4 cups sugar
1/2 vanilla bean, slit lengthwise
3-1/2 inch strip lemon peel

Peel the pears and cut in half. Use a spoon to carefully remove the seeds and narrow fibrous core. Bring water to boil with sugar, vanilla bean and lemon peel. Stir to dissolve sugar, then lower heat to a simmer. Add pears and cook them gently until they are translucent around the edges; then remove and place in a bowl. Scrape the seeds out of the cooked vanilla bean and place the pod in the bowl with the pears. Pour the poaching syrup back over the pears, discarding the lemon peel, and refrigerate until chilled. Serve with a small scoop of Häagen Dasz vanilla bean ice cream. Very elegant and sure to win that twinkie's heart.



Have any taste tempting dishes for Biffy Mae?
Send them to Biffy Mae, c/o DPN, POBox 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131

CONDOM CORNER

Through some fundamantal flaw in the design of the Universe, when people think of condoms they tend to think of Trojans. If they don't know any better, when they go shopping for condoms they *buy* Trojans, and then wonder why their sex life sucks. Ahh, that alluring Trojan packaging; mmmm, that amazing Trojan smell! Well, fear not! Help is at hand! This column will help you decide what to look for in condoms and show you how to make them as enjoyable as possible. All condoms are by no means created equal, and there are few less equal than Trojans.

One of the first things to consider when shopping for condoms is how they feel, which is caused by what they're made of. Condoms suitable for safer-sex use are made from latex, a natural form of rubber harvested from trees found in Southeast Asia and South America. The latex is then processed to make it stronger and more elastic. Because of regional variations in the rubber plantations, and differences in manufacturing, the feel of the latex varies from brand to brand. Some condoms may seem unusually tight, while others are as stretchy as taffy. This alone can be a deciding factor in picking a rubber, since some people think a tight condom is a secure condom, while others find tightness really uncomfortable.

Some brands of condom are made of a portion of a lamb's intestine. These "lambskins" are fairly expensive, smell awful, and have a higher risk of breaking than latex condoms. Lambskins are also porous, and may allow infectious organisms to pass through, making them unsuitable for safer-sex use.

The next thing to think about is the shape of the condom. They can be straight-sided, tapered at the base, or contoured. Contoured condoms allow extra room for the head of your penis, to increase the sensation and lessen the chance of the condom slipping off. Someone whose thingie has a prominent head will probably like these

1) ALWAYS use WATER-BASED lubricants such as Astroglide, ForPlay, PrePair, Probe, or anything recommended as being compatible with latex condoms.

2) NEVER use OIL BASED lubricants with latex condoms. They will weaken the condom, increasing its chances of breaking. This includes vegetable or mineral oils, Crisco, Vaseline, Albolene, hand lotions, butter, many massage compounds, and axle grease. Consult with your pharmacist if you are unsure which products are safe for use with condoms.

3) Before you open the condom package, push the condom away from the edge you will be tearing. This will prevent you tearing the condom as well. When you pull the condom out of the wrapper, be careful not to snag it on the torn edges of the wrapper.

4) Press the air out of the tip of the condom. If it has no reservoir tip, pinch the first half inch of the condom itself. Men with little or no precum can increase the sensitivity of the rubber by placing a little lubricant in the tip of the condom. Put the condom on your penis. Uncircumsized men shoul bull back their foreskin before putting the condom on.



5) Unroll the condom delicately, like a fine silk stocking, to cover the entire erect penis. Don't use your fingernails to push the condom along, and make sure that the rubber doesn't snag on any other items such as rings, watches, restraints, or orthodontia.



better. A condom that tapers will fit more snugly at the base, creating a sense of security and acting like a natural cock ring. On some men, however, these might seem uncomfortably tight, and a straight sided rubber should be used instead. Most latex condoms also have a small nipple-like reservoir at the tip, to allow extra room for semen, so you can't pop it when you spooge.

Natural rubber can be off-white, yellowish, or almost colorless and transparent. Some manufacturers entice their customers by dying their condoms various colors. Some gentlemen like having a green weenie, it seems. Some rubbers may have flavors as an additional novelty, such as Kiss of Mint, which sort of tastes like nasty, mutated spearmint chewing gum.

Other condoms have ribs, bumps, or ridges on their surfaces. These are intended to add sensation for either or both partners, depending on whether the texturing is on the inside or the outside of the condom. Some rubbers are even embossed with elaborate patterns, such as Flancy, which have rosebuds on them. Despite these special effects, many people say they can't tell the difference between textured and smooth condoms. Certainly nobody can tell the difference between rosebuds and simple bumps.

Condoms are also packed in different kinds of lubricants. Most are "dry lubed", which really isn't dry at all, but a light silicone gel to keep the rubber supple. Others are "wet lubed", with more gel. In addition, some condoms may have a spermicidal agent on the inside and/or outside, which gives a little additional protection against HIV.

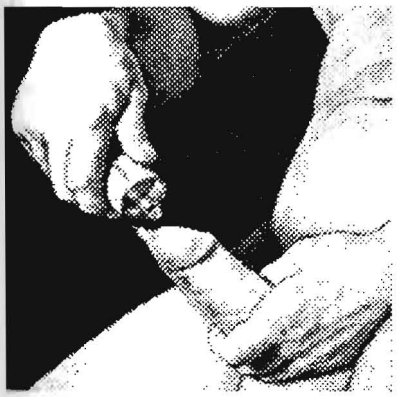
Finally, there's the most recent advance in condom science: adhesive condoms such as Mentor. Mentors have a strip of the same material used on Post-It notes, which sticks lightly to the skin (sometimes not so lightly). The advantage is that the condom will not come off accidentally, if ever, even if the wearer loses his erection. (No need to worry about performance anxiety.) On the other hand, these rubbers are a bit complicated, coming wrapped up in a disposable applicator that prevents the condom from sticking to itself while in the packaging. People sometimes mistake the applicator for the condom itself, and wonder why the whole thing makes their penis look like some infernal device from Mars. Many men only use Mentor once. Penis sensitivity and stickiness seems to be quite variable. Ow!

– B. T.

Have any tips or ideas to add to our collection of condom lore? Send them in and we'll print them in this regularly occuring column.

6) Put plenty of additional lubricant on the outside of the condom and inside your partner. Extra lubricant is always a good idea when using condoms, which might otherwise cause the dreaded rubber burn. Remember that condoms can break or slip off, so pay attention to your weenie. You can feel this happen.

7) Right after you come, hold the condom by the base and pull out. This will prevent cum from seeping out around the base of the condom, and keep the condom from slipping off inside your partner. Dispose of the rubber discreetly. Don't flush them down the toilet, they may come back to haunt you. And don't send them to us, we don't want them.





The best way to find a condom that you like is to shop around and try them all. This isn't always practical, since some only come in huge boxes, and not all stores carry all brands. To help you out, we're offering Captain Condom's Original Party Pack, which contains 15 assorted condoms, 3 lubricant samples, and instructions, for $3.00. Send cash or a check/money order made out to Beowulf Thorne to DPN, PO Box 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131.

PORN POTATO



I know what most of you are thinking, "What the hell is a porn potato, and what is that disgusting creature over there?" Simply put, Porn Potato is a couch potato in the raw, specializing in erotica. PP, being small, nobby, and having five eyes and a damp smell, does not do well at meeting men in gay bars. In fact, he's in great danger of being stepped on, so he rarely goes out, and videos are about the only stimulation that he gets. So anyway, the first film of the quarter is Manrammer, from the illustrious Falcon Studios.



Manrammer (© 1989 Falcon Studios)
On a scale of one to five eyes,
Manrammer opened two.

Manrammer starts "somewhere in Oregon" with young Tony (Domino) desperately trying to hitch a ride. A truck driven by Rex Chandler finally stops to offer assistance. Mr. Chandler is no stranger to picking up young waifs in movies, but thankfully this scene does not decay into the cliche fucking in the back of the truck. They have the decency to go back to Rex's home first, where they blissfully snuggle until the next morning. After all, this is the modern world, and sleazy sex with strangers is Out. This isn't a trick, it's a *relationship.*

The alarm rings at seven, and our friend Rex must choose between going to work or consummating his relationship with Domino's inhumanly well sculpted butt and getting fired for being late. Now, here's where Porn Potato noticed a couple of unnerving things. First of all, Rex Chandler has some of the scariest teeth that Porn Potato has seen in a long time. Then there is the problem of Mr. Chandler's acne-marred buttocks. Maybe it was just bad lighting, but the lunar terrain was definitely well cratered. Finally, where are the rubbers? Safer sex Falcon style still seems to be "Pump 'em full of spermicide and hope for the best!"

The sex here is rote and unimaginative and much time is allotted to a less than awe-inspiring opening. Rex's commitment to the performance is sketchy at best. At times he stares off into space, apparently imagining himself somewhere far north of the scene, perhaps driving a team of huskies in the Iditarod. Domino is equally uninspiring as the waif with nothing to lose. He is continually asking those depersonalizing porn questions: "Do you like *that* ass?" (What's wrong with "Do you like *my* ass?")

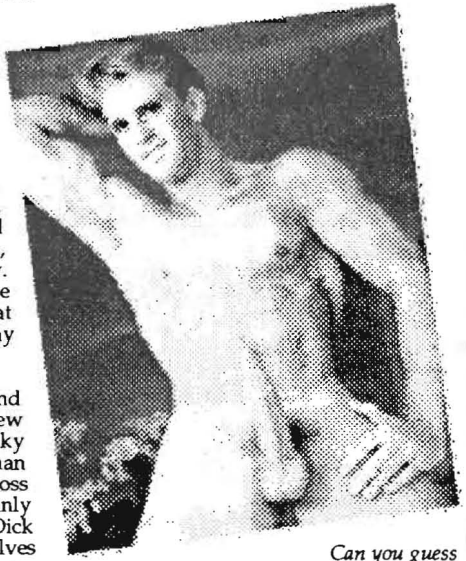
After being fired from his job and robbed blind by "Tony", "Tom" decides he can't cut it in Oregon anymore. His exact line: "I need a change, a new beginning, I'm moving to San Francisco." And move he does, with much footage of rolling countryside and a drive across the Golden Gate Bridge. Once in SF it's merely a matter of finding a job and place to hang his jock strap. But not without a little car trouble first.

Chandler's truck breaks down in some neighborhood near the Castro. Fortunately, this happens to be right across from an auto repair place, and mechanic Brad Mitchell offers to take a look. After he moves the truck back to the shop and is bending over the fender, we're treated to one of the more unusual phenomena of erotic video: Chad Douglas. Simply billed as "himself" in the credits, he pops into the film like some random vacuum fluctuation, brutally sodomizes his young victim, and disappears, leaving the story line unchanged. True to form, the Wicked Dick of Porn savagely pumps Brad until he looks like he's about to cry, but comes instead. Although Brad spews prodigious amounts of cum, Mr. Douglas's dick is strangely dry. Hmm, says Porn Potato, perhaps he lost control while inside Brian, and that scene had to be edited out? We may never know.

Meanwhile, Tom/Rex buys a paper and reads the classifieds. The job interview he schedules is amusing, with the hunky but mincing receptionist Rick Coleman shooting daggers as he sees how the boss (Dick Masters) eyes Chandler's manly form. Noticing Rick's curiosity, Dick closes the blinds separating the two halves of the office. This causes Ricky even more consternation, and he confronts Dick after the interview as to just what passed between he and Rex. Dick explains to Rick that it was just an interview, but to further reassure him, Dick pulls out his gargantuan organ and assures Nick that "you're the only one my dick is for."

We are then treated to what must be one of the longest rear-entries in the annals of porn. The way Rick's asshole ever so slowly consumes Dick's cock reminds Porn Potato of those egg-eating snakes which are capable of distending themselves to incredible dimensions. (Porn Potato is not complaining, mind you. In fact, the whole event is quite amazing.) If you've been watching this video with the mute button on, this is a good place to treat yourself to the dialogue, because the sounds of surprise and distress are most genuine. Dick, unlike Mr. Douglas, is much more gentle with his scepter of authority, using it almost tenderly on occasion. The end of the scene is really interesting, with Dick fucking Rick with only the tip of his dick, showing us that, unlike Rick "Humongous" Donovan of yesteryear, the enormous monster can stay hard without a blackout-causing blood pressure drop in the actor. They both spooge nicely, which means they were good porn actors and saved up their milt for the requisite five days beforehand. Porn Potato likes that.

Our hero Rex shows up at the next scene, on a househunting appointment. He's greeted by landlord Jeff Hardy, who shows Tom the various features



Can you guess where this photo of Rex was retouched?

Porn Potato says, "Share your couch with a friend!"

of the apartment, including (drum roll please) the hot tub. "Yeah," he says, "We've had quite a few good times in there." Need we say more? Cut to Rex and Jeff in the hot tub. Mr. Hardy would seem to be quite the nipple sucking vampire, because ol' Rex has the most pained expression on his face throughout this story. Rex and Jeff grind their pelvises in the usual ways, but at least in this scene someone, Jeff, looks like he's enjoying himself, keeping his hardon and coming nicely while getting fucked. Porn Potato likes that, too.

The scene cuts to Rex, sitting on the balcony, thinking to himself, "A new life, a new beginning..." If it were only that easy. Fade out, and on roll the Falcon commercials, some of which look better than the actual movies.

Overall, this film is devoid of any truly gay emotional resonances. The concept of trade is apparently alive and well in male porn: none of the characters seem particularly gay identified, with the possible exception of the one played by Jeff Hardy. The sex, while vigorous, seems calculated. We're treated to the same old characters: the thieving hustler, the ever-ready secretary, the dominating boss. This perpetuation of pathological stereotypes is counterrevolutionary, forcing Porn Potato to ask the question, "Are porn fantasies what we want to see, or how we have been taught to see ourselves?" Finally, Falcon's failure to adopt more than rudimentary risk reduction techniques and their quixotic disclaimer, "Consult a physician before having sex with other people" is irresponsible at best.

On a scale of one to five eyes, Manrammer gets a two. Boring imagery, uninspired plot, two or three interesting scenes, most others disappointing. Rent, don't buy.



Gridiron (© 1989 Vivid Video)
On a scale of one to five eyes,
Gridiron opened three and a half.

Porn Potato had reservations about Vivid products even before he saw his first Vivid video. They have brought the postmodern trend in porn packaging to a new level. In the old days, the production houses would put the most enticing scenes from the movie on the box. All you had to do was take a look at the packaging to figure out whether you wanted to rent it or not, because what you saw was what you got. Nowadays, the boxes are covered with these high gloss portrait shots, artfully done faces and busts, but no action stills, making it impossible to tell what's really inside until you've paid the cashier. Porn Potato doesn't like that.

Porn Potato bought Gridiron unpreviewed because it was only two bucks at a video store's going out of business sale. He was pleasantly surprised.

We begin with two young studs in the locker room (where else?) wearing nothing but their athletic underthings. Stud #1 is lamenting about how horny he is (aren't they always?), and how he wishes that water boy was around. Now, Porn Potato spent his entire educational career avoiding high school and college sports, so he's not quite sure what a "water boy" is, or if he would recognize one in a crowded room. Whatever water boys are, they are apparently rare and in much demand in the locker room. Anyway, Stud #2 seems eager to accommodate Stud #1's unmet needs, and they begin what is a fairly erotic and well videotaped story.

Stud #1, a good boy, apparently keeps rubbers in his locker, because one mysteriously appears out of thin air during a scene change. Porn Potato at first wondered why the condom seemed to be on the verge of slipping off throughout most of the piece, despite stud #1's sincere hardon. Then Porn Potato noticed that Stud #2's asshole had been shaved recently, and the stubble was snagging the rubber! Let that be a lesson to you! After a variety of positions, the knowing cameraman pulls back so that we can see Stud #2 shoot his wad an amazing distance. Porn Potato likes that.

In the next scene, Stud #3 is in Coach's office, discussing how he can better improve his game. Something is subtly wrong with this picture. First of all, Stud #3 is sitting on Coach's desk wearing nothing but a jockstrap. Second, coaches never looked like this in the schools that Porn Potato attended. No pot belly, no double chin, just a comely face, lean form, and large slightly overdeveloped arms. Porn Potato *really* likes that. Coach has a caring style, and administers a massage to Stud #3, and we all know where *that* leads. Porn Potato's only complaint about this scene is that Coach's whistle dangling about his neck gets kind of distracting as he boffs Stud #3, but in general it's a pleasant vignette.

Several more stories follow, and we see Biker Boy pummel Young Thing (Who looks just like someone who was in Porn Potato's college calculus class. Do you suppose...?). Then Stud #3 has some fun



The coaches at Porn Potato's college never looked this good!

with Studs #4 and #5 in (another drum roll please) the hot tub. We're treated to a solo of Biker Boy on his motorcycle. Finally, we find Stud #3 visiting Stud #1. Porn Potato missed the reason why, but he thinks it has something to do with their not getting along, and Coach wanting them to kiss and make up.

They don't exactly kiss. In fact, Stud #3 accuses Stud #1 of being an asshole, and Stud #1 delivers the best line that Porn Potato has heard in quite some time, "There's only one asshole in this room, and I'm going to fuck it!" And that's what they do, right there on the pool table in the middle of the rumpus room. Stud #1 seems quite good at what he does, but his logistics are a bit off, since his head bumps into the pool hall lamp several times. Pull out, shoot, fade to the eight-ball.

In general Gridiron is a pleasant flick. It was executed with more thought than most, and the screwing and camera work are quite nice. It is, however, somewhat homogeneous, setting a mild tempo and sticking to it consistently. Porn Potato would have liked to see it pick up a little more speed in the parts that should have been passionate. All the fucking was condomized, though they were those ghostlike rubbers that magically appear and disappear as needed. Gridiron opened three and a half of Porn Potato's eyes. Check it out.

Porn Potato's special guest was Paul Starer, a friend of the Pariahs.

The DPN Meat Market

We at DPN, ever eager to help our adoring fans meet one another so that they may better sing our praises, offer the exclusive DPN Meat Market. The guidelines are simple: you can say anything legal you want, except "straight acting". The first 50 words are free, every word after that is 10¢. Use your first name, nickname, or pen name, and your P.O. Box. Don't list your home address or phone number. If you don't have a P.O. Box, we'll assign you a DPN basket and your mail will get forwarded to you.

To reply to a DPN basket: *Write your letter and place it in a stamped envelope. Write the DPN basket number in the lower left corner of the envelope. Put this envelope in another stamped envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. Easy as pie, eh?*

GWMHIV+
widowed (and bored with the role)
willing to bare his soul in a high risk publication

I'm looking for someone who remains droll in the face of disaster –pragmatic without collapsing into folksiness, camp or Broadway show tunes; a man who's intelligent, creative, critical, adventuresome, and determined to do more than just survive. I'm a northern European type, 38, 6'2", considered handsome, with dark hair and eyes, bearded, trim hung, active and healthy (in a manner of speaking). I rarely smoke or drink, am sexually versatile, self employed, well travelled and schooled, financially secure, and maintain a safe distance from questionable ideologies. My taste in the arts runs towards the experimental, and I like my men sharp. Sound worth the price of a stamp? Reply to DPN Basket #1. Your photo gets mine, or at least your photo back.

I've Got the Danger Penis

But then you probably already knew that. Relatively stable 25 year old design student seeks other adventurous goodlooking men for mutual sodomy and oral copulation. I'm 6'1, 160 pounds, with blond hair, green eyes, a wry smile, and a big...er, condom collection. So, if you're well groomed, between 20 and 40, 5'8" to 6'4", firm and lean to tight and muscular, can laugh a little at yourself and don't expect marriage the first time you make love to someone, take a chance! (after all, you've already bought this magazine) and drop me a line at DPN Basket #5. Your photo (copy) gets mine.

Bend Over

I'm 31, tallish, hungish, good-looking in a somewhat avante-garde way. My new AIDS diagnosis hasn't affected my honker. Cute young buggerable post-twinkies should write DPN Basket #2 quick, before I die or something.

Artist with a Boner

Facing the grave makes life fresh & exciting, doncha know, escpecially when you don't smoke, drink, or take other drugs. I'm 5'10", 175 pounds, brown hair, green eyes, Irish descent, 8". Reply to DPN Basket #4.

Mixed Mariage

Healthy brunette couple, together a total of 11'7" tall, 330 pounds, 14" of incredible manhood, and 54 years old, one seropositive, the other negative, looking for tender versatile sandwich meat to spread between our hot loaves. Bulging muscles preferred but not a must; but being cute, congenial, and having a gay-positive attitude are essential. Reply to DPN Basket #3.

The Glamour AIDS Victim

In Santa Cruz, really I am. Sometimes having It gets me down, but then I think of what Louise Hay & the other new agers say, that AIDS is really a blessing and a message and a lesson, and I say "What a crock of shit! Fuck you!" Write to Basket #6. I just turned 26 and love to get mail.

 We are not responsible for any trauma caused by your not getting a date from your ad.

The DPN Resource Guide

There are far, far too many HIV helpers & organizations for us to list here, and besides we are not really sure yet what we are trying to offer in this feature, so it will change a lot as we figure out what our focus is. To save space we mostly list only phone numbers. Area code 415 unless specified. Note that most of these organizations are in desperate need of your tax-deductible donations.

Publications

Our vote for most important HIV publication goes to John James' AIDS Treatment News. Every two weeks a new helping of rational, intelligent, apparently unbiased analysis of new developments, promising treatments, unpromising treatments, political issues, and stuff like that. I consider this newsletter an absolute must. Don't depend on newspaper articles written by scientifically illiterate nincompoops for this vital information. ATN also appears in the Bay Times and Sentinel in SF and on-line in several venues, the one I know about is sci.med.aids. Subscription info and a sample issue from (415) 255-0558, A.T.N. PO Box 411256 SF CA 94141.

SF AIDS Foundation supplies a very good, chock-full-o-info resource guide for infected people in San Francisco. There are lots of forms of support available that you may not know of. They also publish BETA, a good, non-technical resource. Free in SF. 861-3397. In Calif: (800) FOR-AIDS.

PWA Health Group 31 West 26th St. (4th Floor) NY NY 10010 publishes Notes from the Underground, a very straightforward and sensible newsletter. Six times a year, and free. Donations are not spurned. (212) 689-5291.

Gay Men's Health Crisis publishes Treatment Issues. 129 W. 20th St. NY NY 10011, (212) 807-6655.

The Bay Times has an extensive resource listing section. Available free in homosexual locations throughout the San Francisco bay area, or $32 a year, ($24 disabled persons rate) by subscription: The San Francisco Bay Times, 288 7th St. SF CA 94103.

Project Inform publishes PI perspectives and offers other services. 558-9051, 800-334-7422 in Calif, 800-822-7422 elsewhere.

San Francisco:

AIDS Benefits Counselors 673-3780. Until they run out of money, free help to AIDS or ARC persons dealing with bureaucracies of many sorts.

AIDS Emergency Fund 441-6407. Money for those who need it.

AIDS Legal Referral 864-8186. Free legal help.

Gay Asian Pacific Alliance Community HIV Project. Call Donald Masuda 387-0466 or Michael Foo 541-0237.

Gay Men of Color Consortium on HIV/AIDS is a project of GAPA, American Indian AIDS Institute of SF, and a branch of the National Task Force on AIDS Prevention. 255-8373.

Healing Alternatives Foundation 1748 Market St. SF CA 626-4053. A buyer's club and information clearinghouse.

Horizons Foundation 870 Market St. #488 SF CA 94102 gives grants to many HIV projects. They also need contributions. (415) 546-5226.

Operation Concern 626-7000 Support & counseling.

PATH Project 626-8455. Antibody-rich plasma from healthy seropositives may help the more damaged, and the PATH people are trying it out. Plasma donors, volunteers, and money are needed.

Positives Being Positive 493-3902 A service of the AIDS Health Project.

Project Open Hand 558-0600. Food delivered to you at home.

PWA Pals 2966 Diamond St. #228, SF CA 94131 621-5380. Social group, meets weekly.

Shanti 777-2273. Various forms of support. Warning: Teddy Bears!

Soul Ventures 331 2802 Social club for the infected, dude.

Santa Clara County:

Aris (408) 370 3272. Various kinds of support. Warning: Teddy Bears!

Necessities and More (408) 293-2437. Funds, food, clothing, other forms of help, and soon shelter, for people with AIDS/ARC. Particular focus on Persons With who have substance abuse problems. Warning: Jesus!

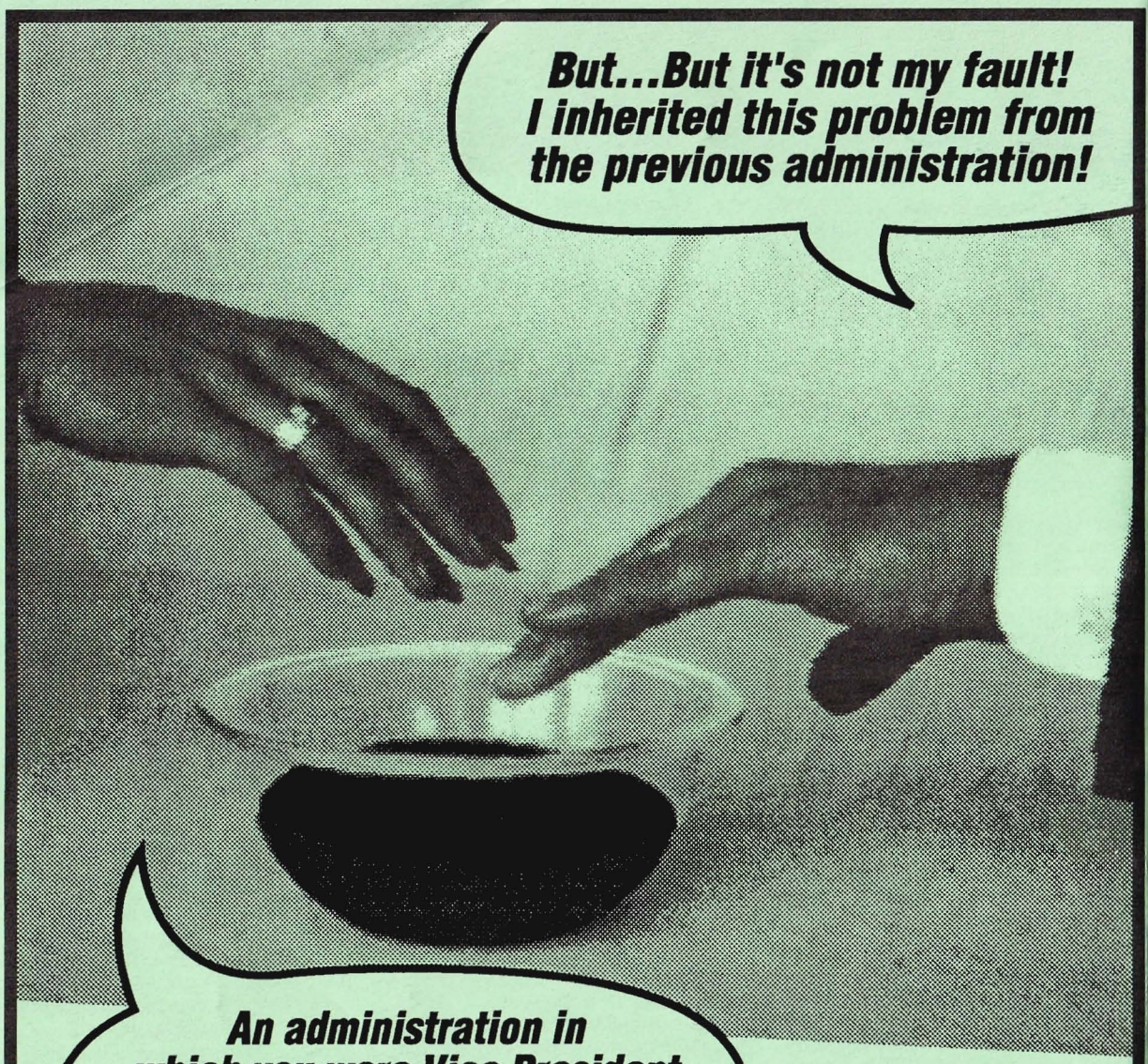
National:

APP 5 South St. Garden City NY 11530 800-227-1195, 800-445-4519 in NY. A mail-order pharmacy that I have actually used. Friendly and helpful, and they take what your insurance gives them as full payment.

Noo Yawk:

AIDS Hotline (212) 532-0280.

Sorry.



George Bush: Bill J. Terry
Madge: Edwin M. Peacock III
Photography: Tommy Joe Shearer
Concept & Layout: Beowulf J. H. Thorne

"Just say no to the PWA running dog lackies of the gay imperialist corporate media swine." – Johnny Noxzema, BIMBOX magazine